1762

A Rum Letter to a Rum Duke on a Rum Occasion

by a Rum Fegerum

May it Please Your Grace

Permit me Unknown to congratulate you & make no doubt the rest of my Country will do the same upon Your being pitch upon

Negotiator of a Peace between us & our long inveterate Neighbours the French his Northern Lord could have chose more

Understanding of so important a wish, for in Kingdom Peaceable disposition his early shewn in Ireland in the hot ed

Hibernian C---k---n more inclination outside how Philosophic you did you have on Occasion

a wound certainly have been dealt the Intestines of our Noble Countrymen you have consented to do in the Blood of a poor pitiful Lord

should Star proceed in the Embassy Journey you with Medal and Thanks Minister in the Court of England no Blessings will shower down the same

and Staff still with Ease of the Land for Court may be than wish Amⁿ a Peace otherwise Plenty will reign thro' the Land & Poverty

Banish the entire Plan of the other side of the Water perhaps are Fatter Scribblers employed by those who love fighting better than We do may take upon them

Stand Engagement Name with the title Epistle Dedication Grandeur Withers are unwringing to the Lash of with Comfort with

Wife fundament at the Face Ass & Mother Accomplish by begging Stake & fall own under protection its prattling will serve Ammunition

Lungs Pens and like a Post in mind memorable saying "once in our lives it is charged for to die

Land my hard with submission sine Admirer

You are desired to carry Hay over with you for your Horses.

THE

PEACE-BOTCHERS

A New, Satyrical, Political Medley,

Being a **PARODY** on the Celebrated one of *Macheath*'s, in the *Beggar's Opera.*

By a disconsolate *ENGLISHMAN.*

Off with his Head, so much for B--------.

Richard III.

AIR I. *Happy Groves.*

O Cruel, cruel, cruel Case!
Must we suffer this Disgrace?

AIR II. *Of all the Girls that are so smart.*

Since Fortune has, for three Years past,
Made GEORGE's Arms victorious,
O let us not those Laurels blast,
And make a *Peace* inglorious.

AIR III. *Britons strike home.*

Britons be bold,
Exert the Strength
You once did boast;

AIR IV. *Chevy Chace.*

But, ah! I fear 'tis all in vain,
Proud *Sawney* rules the Roast.

AIR V. *Old Sir* Simon *the King.*

But let us still unsheath the Sword,
In spite of dull horse-whip'd *R*——,
Who wanting more Gold to hoard,
For Peace is making a Bustle.

AIR VI. *Joy to* Great Cæsar.

Like a M———y he'll prate,
Of Affairs of the S——.

AIR VII. *There was an old Woman,* &c.

Let PITT again govern the Helm, my brave Hearts of Oak,
I warrant *Monsieur* will soon find we're not playing the Joke.

AIR VIII. *Did you ne'er hear of a gallant Sailor.*

But poor *Britannia*'s Fame expires,
While her base Sons prove Tr—y—rs all,

AIR IX. *Their Eyes, their Lips,* &c.

Her D—s, her L—ds, her Sq—es,
Corrupted are, and we must fall.

AIR X. *Green Sleeves.*

Then since *Old England* has Laws in Store,
To punish the Rich as well as Poor,
For a *H—h—t Fair*, let's cry *Encore*,
Upon *T——r Hill.*
No sooner State-Physicians have found,
The Body has got a Limb unsound,
But they chop it off before it gains Ground,
Upon *T——r Hill.*

Sold by J. Williams, next the *Mitre* Tavern, in *Fleet-street*, and to be had at all the Bookfellers and Print-Shops, in *London* and *Westminster*. Where may likewise be had, Price Sixpence each, The Laird of the Boot, The Coach overturned, or the Fall of Mortimer, The Asses of Great Britain, and Within and Without.